

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 45 Park Row.
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 45 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 45 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: The Evening World for England and the Continent and World for the United States. All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year.....\$3.50 One Year.....\$9.75
One Month......36 One Month......88
VOLUME 56.....NO. 19,973

THE STATUS OF MERCHANT VESSELS.

THE United States Government yesterday "informed" impartially all whom it may concern as to its views regarding the status of armed merchant vessels.

It recognizes distinctly the right of a merchant ship to arm itself for protection without thereby losing its claim to immunity from submarine attack without warning. Only when engaged constantly or intermittently in aggressive pursuit of enemy ships does a vessel lose its standing as a peaceful merchantman. Once, however, it has acquired the "hostile taint," neither Americans nor other neutrals can expect to be any more immune on it than they would be on a warship.

This is straightforward and simple. It sticks consistently to international law as now recognized. We give Germany an exact definition before she has a chance to play for further time by asking for it.

Be it noted, however, the statement carries the following:

A neutral Government may proceed upon presumption that an armed merchant vessel of belligerent nationality is armed for aggression, while a belligerent should proceed on the presumption that the vessel is armed for protection.

The almost inevitable chances of mistake, together with the extra responsibilities put upon neutrals by the above proposition, must convince us more than ever how much better it would be to draw a hard and fast line that should put only unarmed vessels in the immune class. The surest claim of a merchant ship to protection on sea and also its best guarantee in a neutral port is its complete defenselessness.

Let us not forget that even while consistently and resolutely upholding international law as it finds it, the United States Government nevertheless made an effort to persuade belligerents to simplify the solution of the new problem created by the submarine by agreeing to disarm all merchant ships. If such an agreement had been in force in the beginning Germany could not have fenced long with indictments.

One of the saddest processions we have ever beheld is the effort of the Tribune to put salt on the tail of the Roosevelt boom!

NOT SO NEW TO US.

THE London Times fears that censored reports of the disturbances in Ireland may play into the hands of the German societies and Irish societies in America which "have been working hand in glove to prejudice opinion against Great Britain."

"If the Cabinet tries to hush up any part of the truth or confine the intelligence reaching America to official communications doled out by themselves, the German and Irish agencies in the United States will have a free field for their malign activities."

Not quite. Even with only censored despatches upon which to base an opinion, most Americans can arrive at a pretty shrewd notion of what has really happened in Ireland. The Times forgets that this nation has been having excellent opportunities to study, at first hand, effects produced by German propaganda backed by German money. In the past year the American public has learned a lot about plotting and conspiracy as practiced by German agents. If they have dared to go so far even in this country, what must have been their opportunities in Ireland!

The British authorities will be foolish if they try to hide the truth—not because Americans will believe the stories of the anti-British agents—but because the facts by showing the meagreness of ultimate results would go far to discourage the plotters both in America and in Ireland from making further work for the police.

Why doesn't Carranza whistle up his army and let Col. Dodd lead 'em to the bandits?

PREPAREDNESS DAY.

PREPARATIONS for Preparedness Day to be observed by the city May 13 are going forward with a quiet thoroughness in keeping with their purpose. The one hundred thousand or more citizens of New York who are expected to march under the banners of at least eighty trades and professions will not be holiday-makers. Nor will their spirit be one of exuberance and merriment.

National unity and determination can best be expressed by plain, convincing earnestness. Not that any one need be otherwise than cheerful. But observing Preparedness Day is going to be a different thing from celebrating the Fourth of July. Patriotism must sometimes emphasize its seriousness.

The Mayor urges all citizens to display the flag on May 13, both at their places of business and at their homes. They can also make their thoughts, their conduct and their words deepen the day's significance. Preparedness Day in New York can be and should be in all respects an impressive, inspiring example to the country.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Opportunity knows better than to bother the fellow who is on his way for a day's fishing.—Toledo Blade.

When a man places himself in the hands of his friends it behooves him to pick out a soft spot to fall.

After everybody is agreed that something should be done about something, the problem is to get

somebody to do it.—Albany Journal.

Mildred says did you ever stop to think that you expect usurers' interest on the treasure that you lay up in heaven?

The average man never puts in such a hard day's work as when he is doing a useless job without pay.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Letters From the People

The Block System.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read recently the statement by an official of the New Haven that there isn't a system of block signals in the world which will prevent rear end collisions. How about the systems, one of which is in use in the subway, that, when a train enters a block, the signal is set at danger and a red light up alongside the track and should

the engineer drop dead or go blind, his train is automatically stopped by a simultaneously applied airbrake and severance of the power? You have got to hear of a rear end collision on the express tracks of the subway. Other systems have been demonstrated too. Why don't some of our industrial legislators make the railroad apply such systems as the Government already does?

RAILROADER.

Made in America

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

"I'm tired of oatmeal as the only fruit for breakfast," said Mr. Jarr. "Why don't we have strawberries?"

"If you have an oatmeal income you can't expect a strawberry fruit course," replied Mrs. Jarr, coldly, as she poured the coffee.

"They can't be so dear," said Mr. Jarr. "I see them everywhere."

"It is a pity I am not with you when you buy them. Perhaps I like early strawberries also," retorted Mrs. Jarr.

"I didn't buy them," vouchsafed Mr. Jarr.

"Then it's too bad your wealthy friends do not include your wife when they invite you to dine and serve you with strawberries at this time of the year."

"I didn't get them while dining," said Mr. Jarr unthinkingly.

"Now, Mr. Jarr, you will tell me where you had strawberries for breakfast?"

"Don't be silly," replied Mr. Jarr. "When have I eaten breakfast away from home?"

"You come home late enough to have breakfast somewhere else," retorted Mrs. Jarr. "Besides that, strawberries can be eaten at night!"

And she burst into tears.

"Great Scott! What's the matter with you now?" exclaimed Mr. Jarr.

"You are like all the rest of them," replied Mrs. Jarr, chokingly. "While I scrape and save at home to make one dollar do the work of four you are out having a good time, eating delicacies, spending your money on a lot of people who wouldn't give you ten cents if you were starving! And then you sneer at the breakfast we have at home. Oatmeal is good enough for your wife; oatmeal is good enough for your children!"

"But we had eggs and we had steak. It was a very good breakfast. Indeed, no, I wasn't finding any fault. Honestly I wasn't!" cried Mr. Jarr.

He hadn't had a chance to open the eggs and his steak was getting cold on his plate. But he thought to placate her, despite this.

"I saw you sneezing," sniffed Mrs. Jarr. "If you wanted strawberries, why didn't you bring them home? But, no, you buy them for your friends, for those men down at your office; for that Gus at the corner; for that man Rangle; for that awful old Mr. Shavinsky, the glazier, maybe?"

"Surely you don't mean that!" he said in surprise. "Why should I buy strawberries for that bunch? Are you crazy, or am I?"

Mrs. Jarr only continued sobbing and Mr. Jarr, with continued calm-

One Girl's Exploits

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

A GIRL of nineteen writes me of the struggle she had in securing a position at the age of sixteen. The success she has achieved at the end of three years must certainly be a source of inspiration to any girl who seeks success. How this young woman had to overcome the objection of employers as to inexperience and how she educated herself at the time she was working is best told in her own words:

"At the age of sixteen, with a high school education, all the time still working at my first position. To do this, it was necessary for me to eliminate almost all my pleasures. I have found that in order to accomplish anything, self-sacrifice is absolutely necessary. The only day I gave to rest and pleasure was Sunday. On that day I forgot business entirely."

The evening school was within walking distance of my home and I walked to and from it each night; thereby getting plenty of fresh air and having the best of exercise. No matter how tired or tried I was, I always walked; for I knew walking means health, and health is the first asset of a successful business career.

"After graduating from a course in auditing I again went forth for a new position. I found that men were very much prejudiced against one playing a girl auditor. I answered ads and ads, until one day I received an answer. I called at the proffered vacancy. The proprietor was very much adverse to hiring any one so young. I was only eighteen, but I assured him that youth was an asset and not a liability. He said, 'Call to-morrow, ready for work. I like your grit.'"

"Next morning, bright and early, I started in my new position, as purchase auditor, at a salary of \$12 per week. To-day, I am nineteen years of age and acting as both purchase and sales auditor to the same concern at a salary of \$17 per week."

"In three years I have advanced myself \$10, which is due to diligence and perseverance and, most of all, self-confidence. If a girl has no self-confidence how can she expect others to believe in her ability. I still attend business school and am studying to be an accountant. I shan't stop studying until I have placed the initials C. P. A. (certified public accountant) after my name."

"To any one who wishes to reach the top of the ladder of success I should advise: Do not give up when met with disappointment; but persevere—success always comes to those who really and truly want and work for it."

This girl's stick-to-itiveness is one example. There are hundreds like her about whom we don't read. The great trouble with the average girl of this age is that she takes a job just to tide over a year or so, until marriage, and does not prepare herself as this one did, for the next step in her progress. While in the harness look to the road ahead.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.—DRYDEN.

Making a Hit.

By Alma Woodward.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

With Teacher.

Some—Any classroom.
"The class in the middle of the second line of 'When in the course of human events,' etc., as started by a polite knock at the door. A 'case' for attention in the form of 'children' the class into an extra section and this, naturally, 'case' for attention. The principal got certain low notes in Mrs. Brown, and of Robert Brown, and one in some form."

TEACHER (rising)—Do you wish to see me?

Mrs. B. (with dignity)—I am Mrs. Brown. I received a note from you asking me to come to school to see you about my son, Robert. I can't understand what it means, so I came.

In the vicinity of Robert Brown's desk there is a perfect line of his handwriting. The principal got certain low notes in Mrs. Brown, and of Robert Brown, and one in some form."

Teacher (sounding the depths)—Oh, you did?

Mrs. B. (suspiciously)—Yes, I did. My husband being in the wholesale cloak and suit business made it very handy. Many a swaggar suit those girls got for nothing.

Teacher (interrupting gently)—Of course, I may have adopted the wrong viewpoint with Robert. There may be a very lovely side to the child's nature that I have—

Mrs. B. (continuing from where she left off)—But since Mr. Brown said that that business and went into the wholesale carpenter's tools and hardware, why—

Teacher (with redoubled fervor)—But if there is a lovely side to Robert's nature, it would take an X-ray to place it and a vacuum cleaner to get it to the surface. So there!

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

CONSIDER, my Daughter, the way of a man with a maid; yes, even with a Brand-New-Girl.

For YOUTH is stranger than fiction!

Behold, he speth her from afar among the green fields of the gold links; he speth her amid the bright lights of the tango tavern.

And his heart leapeth! Yes, because it is spring, and because she is smiling, she "looketh good to him."

Moreover, she is DIFFERENT from "the-girl-before."

He admireth the fit of her shoes; her ankle pleaseh him.

All her ways seem CUTE in his eyes; he saith of her hat and her gown, "They are good!"

He marvelleth at her flawlessness.

He obtaineth an introduction. He is WILD about her!

He calleth without delay; he calleth early and often.

He sendeth burnt offerings from the florist. He getteth upon the good side of Mother, and of Father, and of Little Sister; he findeth the whole family SO interesting.

And, in time, he kisseth her—once, fearfully. And again, reverently and again, madly; and many times, complacently.

And the spring passeth into summer, as the dream into reality.

And behold, the youth findeth the damsel "CHANGED."

He observeth that her shoes do not fit; and the lacings thereof are "all wrong."

He saith of her hats "They are TOO stuffy!"

He criticiseth her taste concerning her frocks.

He inquireth WHY she rougheth her cheek to make it red; he saith of her sash, "Why dost thou use that stuff?"

Her voice getteth upon his nerves.

He admoniseth her concerning her WAYS and urgeth her to be more "dignified" and less "cute."

She CANNOT please him!

He calleth later and more seldom.

He saith, "Oh, well, I suppose she EXPECTETH me this evening!"

He calleth once a week; and upon the stroke of TEN he ariseth to depart.

He kisseth her once, casually.

He ceaseth to call.

And, behold, it is finished—UNTIL THE NEXT TIME!

For verily, verily, in the Spring a young man's Fancy lightly turn-eth—and turneth—and TURNETH!

Selah.

Disensions, like small streams, at first begun,
Unseen they rise, but gather as they run.—GARTH.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

THERE are still many old-fashioned salesmen who consider an active imagination the principal requisite for closing sales," remarked a local business man recently.

"But there has been a vast change for the better in this regard during the past fifty years. Commercial ethics, particularly among retailers, have gained a higher plane."

"I entered a furniture store and stated my needs, remarking that I first wished to see dining-room furniture."

"Here's a handsome table, a solid mahogany Sheraton, for \$25," continued the elderly salesman. "There's the buffet that accompanies it at \$45."

"I inspected the pieces carefully, taking particular note of the fit of the drawers and other details."

"Let's see something cheaper," I finally remarked, non-committally.

"Now then, here's a beautiful mahogany table for \$20," continued the salesman, indicating another table which in the dim light looked just like the first one. "It's a Sheraton pattern, but we expect a heavy shipment to arrive within a day or two and must make room for the new stock."

"An old story," I reflected, smiling, but I looked the table over with interest. Eight dollars seemed a heavy reduction to make for so slight a reason. But there seemed no differ-

ence between the \$20 and \$25 tables. "My suspicions were aroused, however, by the obvious falsehood, and after the familiar mental wrestling bout to avoid the salesman's closing tactics I escaped. Next I entered a large department store."

"Now if you want something which is inexpensive but that will look well for a while here is a whitewood table for \$20, finished to look like mahogany," said the salesman. "It's a Sheraton pattern." It was the identical model that I had been inspecting a few minutes previous as a \$25 mahogany table reduced to \$20. Probably it came from the same factory. "Strange," I reflected. "This table is whitewood—the other one, perhaps from the same tree, is mahogany!"

"But if you care to invest more money, here's a handsome table with a top of mahogany veneer for \$25. You can get the same thing in a solid mahogany top for \$35. The veneer is just as durable and less likely to warp. I'd suggest the \$25 one. The buffet is \$45; and he indicated it."

"The \$35 table was obviously the mate to the one which had been described as solid mahogany in the previous store."

"The next day I returned and purchased several hundred dollars' worth of furniture. The prices were exactly the same as those at the first store I entered, and in addition I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was dealing with honest men in whom I could place utmost confidence."

England's "War Medals"

THIS is the centenary of the institution of the first of the modern war medals of Great Britain, the famous "Waterloo" medal, which was conferred upon every officer and soldier present at that memorable victory over Napoleon.

The Waterloo medal bears on one side a figure of Victory, copied from an old Greek coin, and on the other a bust of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The distribution of this medal caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among those soldiers who had fought as valiantly in Spain, but had missed Waterloo. Later medals were given to all who fought for England from 1793 to 1814.

The next important medal of Great Britain was issued in 1854 at the outbreak of the Crimean War. All of the heroes who took part in the great battles of the Crimean War, including Balaklava, Sevastopol, Inkerman and Alma, were rewarded with the Crimean medal.

Perhaps the oldest English war medal in existence is one which bears on one side a bust of Queen Elizabeth and on the other a bay tree upon an island. There is no inscription to indicate for what service this medal was awarded, but it is supposed that it was conferred upon the favorites of Queen Bess after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Many special medals were given by Elizabeth's successors. Charles I. gave such recognition to Robert Welch, an Irish soldier, in 1642. Cromwell issued a number of medals which bore his name, and some of these were given to common soldiers. But there was no general recognition of the services of the men in the ranks until the Waterloo medal of 1816.

Facts Not Worth Knowing.

By Arthur Baer.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

BY moving rapidly around a tree trunk it is possible to keep ahead of a bear by keeping in back of him.

The favorite test of an alienist is to ask the candidate how long a string is when there isn't any string.

There are no sleeves in vests.

A hornet isn't dangerous if you keep his face toward you.

Henry Ford is getting a lot of votes for President.

By dipping a fork into the ocean 844,987,250 times a Weehawken bacteriologist convinced himself that the process made no appreciable difference in the weight of either object.

If a whirling Dervish didn't whirl he wouldn't have anything to take his mind off the heat.

Dealers sell birdseed by the pound, as that is easier than counting 'em.

All the scientific data in the world can't convince some misanthropes which are the right side of the bars in a monkey house.